

## At Sounion

of a morning woven over stone,  
I bump camera then smock. We

share a mist wherein I balk, simply  
not aspiring to the ethereal

photograph proposed: me a-  
gainst nothing. Mr Stavros, he of  
lemon smock, is there-  
fore ticked at me: it

rises as a litany to his  
imagined sun, I jab  
along the slippery rocks  
for cooler idioms, final-

ly to divine lovers (Byron's one)  
who have scratched their hearts to  
ruins. Spooners often weave through  
our academies, shunning

all the moves to set their dreaming  
steps to music more felicitous.

Or so I later feel with ouzo  
in the shivering cafe  
before sun rockets through

and temple can assert in flame  
to wave on wave of rain

the wisdom of arrangement past  
this opalescent glass.